

# SOONVIEW

THE EVERGREENS  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
BY THE EVERGREENS OF OLYMPIA, WASH.

## DECEMBER DECLAMATIONS

<i>To Alimony (Poem)</i>	Capt. Jack Crawford, the Post Scout
<i>A Letter to Santa Claus</i>	Harry Davenport
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## SOUNDVIEW

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WITH the December issue a large number of subscriptions expire, and we hereby "hunch" you not to postpone the "pungling" process too long, if you do not want to miss a mess o' "greens." Some editions go very quickly. Most of you know whether your title to be served with our stuff ceases to be good with the advent of 1908, so why not just send along that "long green" without any further fuss on our part. We all have plenty to do to prevent us using our automobile more than ten hours a day! So, dear Greenie, look pleasant and pungle! And, say, you can make it two dollars, as many do, and save trouble, or "trouble" a friend with a year's rations! Do it now, now do!

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MR. M. V. CRIM

¶ Mr. Crim did not finish the eighth grade in the Public Schools before entering the Seattle Business College. ¶ He studied Miller's System of Bookkeeping and Business, Contractions and Corporation and Banking six months. ¶ He was with the Western Hardware and Metal Company nearly one year. ¶ He is now bookkeeper for the Niblock Gold Mining Company in Alaska. He is not twenty years old, but he received \$125 per month from the start. ¶ His positions have been secured for him by his teacher, O. L. Miller, proprietor of the Seattle Business College. ¶ Under date of Nov. 14th Mr. Crim writes from Niblock, Alaska: "My salary was increased \$25 per month Nov. 1st, making \$150 per month."

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## To Miriam

*A Dream of Innocence and Sunshine*

By THE POET SCOUT

Conceived in love, as pure as God's ozone,  
Sired by a King, a princely throbbed;  
Cradled in perfect trust on Love's blest throne  
Where Truth is all aflame and Fear is dead.

With industry abloom, God in command,  
True hearts to love and guide her on life's way;  
I look into her eyes and understand  
The classic chimes of Love's sweet lullaby.

O God, I thank Thee for the pure, sweet love  
That comes to me from such a child as this;  
Her voice so like the cooing of a dove,  
Her smile so like the sun's first morning kiss.

And as she grows more queenly day by day,  
More like the mother flower, whose soul imparts  
Those brilliant gems that sparkle in love's spray,  
God make her like the mother — Queen of Hearts.

\* CAPT. JACK \* CRAWFORD


*Thanksgiving, 1907*

# SOUNDVIEW

Vol. VIII

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 6



## A Letter to Santa Claus


Written by a Washington Lad a Decade Ago

Colfax, Wash., Dec. 8th, 1897

Dear Santa Claus:


When Christmas comes I want a football, a book, a game, a dog license for 1898, some candy and nuts, and a happy Christmas. If you don't want to bring me anything you don't have to.

HARRY DAVENPORT



## A Woman's Confession

How She Was Cured of Matrimony

\*  HERE is so much talk about the women who prefer to remain single, and the reason thereof, that I have a mind to add my testimony to the guesses of those who are paid to furnish the public a certain amount of matter a week relating to women. I will tell it to you in my own way and you may fix it up as you please and make what use you please of it.

"As soon as I was old enough to notice, I heard the grown folks talking about divorces and the way this man and that man treated his wife. I heard something also about the way certain women treated their husbands, but I am only telling the woman's side now, and my own experience, and there always was a good deal more talk on the woman's side, so that I got an idea that the mean men were in the relation to mean women as nine to one. I meditated over these bits of information, and when older began to ask questions.

" 'Men,' said my mother, 'are universally selfish; they marry for pleasure. To secure their pleasure they take upon themselves all the responsibilities of married life.

You can see for yourself what these responsibilities are, and judge how dear a man's pleasure is to him. Women, on the other hand, marry as a general thing for love, and a woman will not marry a man unless she believes he loves her above all other women, and will always so love her. On this account all men profess to love the women they believe will minister most to their pleasure. Not only that, but he sets about to personate all that he knows that women desire in a man, and all that he can learn of what this particular woman desires in a man.

" \* Now so soon as a man is married to the woman of his choice he drops his mask and appears in his true nature, to the dismay, grief, and sometimes horror of the woman, whose heart dies within her. If she has pride sufficient, she hides her disappointment from the world, even from her most intimate friends, and her relatives; if she has religion or morality enough she makes the best of things. If the man supports the family, later on she remains with him for the support of the children, not being able to support them alone. Except for financial and social considerations most women prefer single life to marriage, under existing circumstances. There are a few who love children so much that they would marry any decent man for the sake of having children, not knowing that it is a crime

to beget children thru physical pleasure even if mutual, not to mention indifference, aversion and compulsion; they do not know that mutual soul-love is the only right condition, supplemented by right physical conditions. Then there are a very few passional, physical natures who by mistaken education have developed strong physical desires, and find a compensation in a man of like nature even tho he may be utterly selfish. Then there are a few who are afraid of loneliness in old age, who do not consider that marriage is no security against loneliness, for how often a woman's husband is dead, and the children dead or far away.'

" Then, because I was young, I wept, and I asked my mother, ' Are all men like this? ' and she replied, ' Almost all of them; the few who have true love for a woman are as scarce and as difficult to find as a needle in a haystack.'

" ' Then I will be a bachelor woman all my days,' I said, ' for there will be little chance for me to find one of these rare specimens of manhood. But how could I recognize him if I met him, as they all simulate? ' ' You could not, except by the mercy of God,' replied my mother. ' Each woman flatters herself that *she* can tell, and that *her* lover is the genuine true lover. There is a class of women who are matter-of-fact; give little, expect little, look upon marriage as a natural event, and men they accept as they are,

just as they do tobacco and the measles. If you are one of this class you will get along well enough if a man is a good provider and is not ugly, but if you are not one of these, you will be happier single; no words can tell the cruelty of disillusion to a woman who believes she has married a true-hearted man with a harmonious nature. Her husband is not the man she married, but a stranger; life is a perpetual heartache which she must hide as best she may.'

" And I hid away and wept some more, for I had been reading love stories and thought there was nothing in the world so happy as being married to such lovers as I read about. And I grew older and left school and became a bookkeeper. Meantime I had gathered a good deal of information. I learned that all the affable, smiling, polite men who sprang to do the lightest service, and sought to give one pleasure in innumerable ways, were rough and grouty at home, and sat back in easy chairs to be waited on; both single and married, but the married ones are the worst. Then I read in a book that men were 'constitutionally lazy,' and only aroused themselves to pay court to a woman long enough to secure her, and then lay back and ordered her to wait on them. Oh my, oh my!

" And I would have no beaux; first, because I would have no one kissing or caressing me for the *pleasure* of the



thing — it must be for love — and I found that that was a part of a young man's company; and secondly, because I had decided I would have no beaux, only friends; people who liked me for companionship and intellectual interests, etc. Married life lookt such a dreary thing; I saw sick women with sick babies, and trying to do the work for the family, and the husband complaining because supper was not on the table when he came in, and fretting about the noise the children made, and leaving the wife to do all the hard work about the house, which would have been nothing to him to do, but was a great burden to her; or worse still seeking women not burdened, and in good health, to enjoy themselves with, and winning their sympathy by detailing their woes; his woes — the conditions he himself had created and should have shared, and helped his wife out of the best he could, but left her to bear alone, the brute!

" Then again I saw men who lived with their wives while they were young, and after years that should have endeared them to each other, leaving them either secretly or openly and making love to some young woman. ' It is too true,' I cried in my heart; ' men know not love, nothing but selfish pleasure.' And for a while my mother was glad, for she had seen that I was romantic and had

feared that I would marry too early; but as the years past by and I would have no lovers, only friends, mother would advise me to marry this one or that one, he was 'so suitable' and could give me 'such a good home,' and that it was 'time that I "settled." ' And friends, women friends, began to talk in the same way. But my mother had warned me too effectually, and opened my eyes to the life around me and the real condition of things. 'Why should I marry, and be miserable like the rest of you,' I said, 'and maybe have a husband to take care of, instead of to take care of me, as so many of you have? And what is the object and where is the recompense? There is Mrs. C. taking care of her husband and three children; if I wish three children to take care of and am able to do it, I can adopt three any time and leave out the husband which will lessen expenses greatly; and what is the use of the husband? He can swear and smoke and drink and grumble and order you about to wait on him. And there is Mrs. D., her husband supports her, but she was able to support herself and did not have to work half as hard as she does now; and of what use is her husband? He spends all his nights out, and if he is at home occasionally, he sleeps in his chair all the evening, or at least so much of it as is left after reading his paper. Now if a sound,

healthy woman who is able to take care of herself wants to marry and be burdened with all sorts of ills, and sicknesses, and neglect and insult and hard work, she is welcome to, but not for me, thank you.'

" Yet all those years I was saying to myself, that a man *might* some time come along who truly loved me, and God might give me to know he was true. And the one thing I prayed for more than all others was that God would preserve me from being deceived in the matter of a husband, and send me one of the rare, right kind. God has put it into the heart of every woman to love a husband, and children and home. Yet, considering all the dangers, I would have contented myself with a friend if I could have found a friend who would content himself with me; but after a time they each and all, yes, every one of them, wanted to marry me, and after that there was nothing but to let them go or to marry them, so they went. Still I lived in hopes of finding one who would rather have me for a friend than any other woman for a wife.

" One of these friends did persuade me to give him a trial as a *lover*, declaring that his love was so great for me that he should go to destruction, have nothing to live for, etc., if I refused him. And tho' I told him that it would only be all the harder for him after the trial, for I

was not likely to change my mind, he did succeed in frightening me by the display of his deep love (!) for me, and I gave him the trial, not knowing that a man who will not be a man for his own sake, and God's sake, and humanity's sake, will never be a man for a woman's sake, but merely make-believe. Then my mother stepped in again, seeing how things were going, and she told me to take good care of myself and be careful and maintain respectful treatment from my lover, because there was no limit to their persuasions, and to give one favor would only bring requests for more. She said men would not hesitate to sacrifice a woman to any extent for the sake of their pleasure; *not even the best of them.*

"I felt all my ideals of love dying away at that, and I said, 'If that is true, then I will have no lover; if I cannot have true love I will have nothing.' But mother said, 'Don't be foolish, only be discreet.' However I kept my resolution to send my lover away for good and all, for what is love without trust, and what is love without pure ideals? But when he came he was so nice to me and treated me so respectfully and called me his 'guardian angel,' etc., and I had not the heart to do it. He complained because I was so cold, and restricted his liberties to such an extent as was not required between lovers, but I held to it, tho

I loved him then more than he suspected, and could have thrown my arms about his neck and let him kiss me all he would. I did not know until years later how right I was. A man always persuades a woman that a little more will satisfy him, and is angry if denied, and a woman does not know that he will never be satisfied; and I did not know, but I held to it.

" Then he had a fine situation offered him that would take him into another state for three years. I would not be married and go with him, nor remain at home, nor even be engaged to him, but told him if he still believed he loved me at the end of three years, to come to me and we would see how things were then; we both might be changed. I did not tell him that I loved him a good deal, but not quite enough. We corresponded; his letters were all about himself, his troubles and trials, discouragements, etc., with never an inquiry about me or any questions as to how I was getting along. He returned but he had not grown noble; coarse, instead, and hard; his talk was all of himself, and ' I ' was about all I could hear in his conversation. He had not given me the sign I waited for before he went away and he did not have it now, and I sent him away again.

" During those three years I would have no friends,

and for some years afterward, and then I had a few. Results continued the same, so I could not keep one more than one or two years. At last a good soul came who gave me the sign I had been waiting for so long; he was so kindly natured, so simple and honest and unpretending; such a transparent character! *And he gave me the sign;* he wrote and talked about making *me* happy; all the others wrote and talked about how happy I could make *them*. I always remembered how Balzac's 'Louis Lambert' unhinged his mind dwelling so vividly on the happiness his love would confer upon him after marriage, and I knew that if he had dwelt half as much on the thought of how happy he was going to make his wife it would have been healthier for him and saved his wits. But now I had found a man right-minded; nevertheless I told him all the things that might make inharmony in our married life, and tried to persuade him that we were better apart. I told him all my idea of married life and home life; the wife's part and the husband's part. He overruled everything and was satisfied with everything. And I married him!!

"Now what do you think? — I can safely tell you because you do not know who I am, and never will know, for M. Trueman has solemnly promised to keep my name a secret,— the very things that I had talked most to him

about were the first things he complained about, and worse than that, *denied we had any understanding about it.* Talk about woman's inconsistency! Do you think anyone in the world could persuade me that there is more inconsistency in woman than in man? Beside that, the things that I was most particular about in regard to him he deceived me in; he was neither clean nor orderly and did not want to be, and would not try to be; he pretended that he had enough to build a cosy little cottage in the town where I was employed, but he had not enough to build a pig-pen, which would have been more suitable for him, and a pig for company instead of a decent woman. He would not even help to keep things nice after I had earned them and placed them in the house myself, and when I had the house nicely furnished, he retired from business and said he had worked long enough. I tried to convert him to industrious and cleanly ways, but in vain, and after some years of this, and with the people knowing the too evident circumstances, I was reproached from one end of the town to the other for leaving this 'good' man. God or the other one has taken him since then, to — I don't know where, and I have been a widow for ten years. I still have friends, but if ever one of them dares to mention love or marriage I show him the door so quickly — "

M. TRUFMAN

## Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen



ENVY is a feeling generated in little minds by the success of others and manifests itself in senseless and malignant persecution of those more generously endowed with intellect and magnanimity.

Their object in life is to place obstacles in the path of progress. They have little ability to do things themselves, hence their only method of appraising the world of their presence in it, is to strive to hinder others in the work they may undertake. A few such characters have gained considerable prominence in history, but only when coupled with some strong man whom they have vainly striven to destroy. They merit nothing but the contempt of decent people, mingled with pity for their ignorance and lack of common courtesy. You can never "get even" with them, for their level is too low for any self-respecting person to descend to. Their methods are too coarse for any person of refined or cultured nature to adopt, and nothing else will appeal to them.

¶ Envy is not akin to the spirit which causes competitors in any line of activity to endeavor to defeat or



crush the opposition, only in so far as the methods may be of a despicable or questionable nature. This is a desire to overcome with the hope of being first in the same field of activity, to the end that they may secure the business, obtain the office or reach the goal for which there is a common struggle. Such an ambition may be a laudable one, and, if the contest is honorably conducted, develops strength of character and ability to achieve. Envy, on the other hand, having nothing of an uplifting nature in it, and being only a negative and spiteful condition of mind, represents nothing but hate, revenge, malice and all the lower elements in the animal make-up. It hasn't even the redeeming quality of respectable selfishness, which causes an individual to strive to overcome that he may secure a greater profit or a higher or a more remunerative position. The only reward of the envious is the downfall or discomfiture of the ones against whom his malicious shafts are directed; his only joy is in gloating over the misery his acts may cause. And, really, considering that this is about the only satisfaction such a nature is capable of, one ought not to be too harsh in their condemnation. It is merely one form of insanity, a sort of varioloid stage of the mala-

dy that causes the madman to fell the object of his senseless wrath with a bludgeon. If this condition of mind is encouraged or cultivated it leads to criminal acts.

¶ Competition is a safety valve for this spirit, as it leads people into a higher realm. To be sure, as the competitive spirit is sometimes applied, there is nothing very advantageous to character, but it is so far superior to envy, that it is preferable to this malevolent article.

¶ The closer people are brought in contact with each other, with no stronger motive of action prominent, the more envy will manifest. It is this which renders communistic and co-operative efforts abortive. The little natures can not tolerate any dominant or commanding figure, hence leadership is impossible. Envious natures seek to destroy any leader of capacity, thus rendering success out of the question. Competition is essential to reduce envy to a minimum.

¶ A great thing is freedom, but oh! of such a stunted and dwarfed nature as interpreted by most men (and some women!). It mainly consists in fencing the world off into two pastures—containing those who

believe as I do and those who don't, and a continual round-up of the stiff-necked in an endeavor to bring them over to my pasture, and if the picking is pretty good I may succeed — *some!* Now, the *great* apostle of freedom has not yet arisen, but when he does it will be of little concern to him what *I* believe or what *you* believe. He will have a message? Yes, but he will deliver it and leave results to you. There will be no unseemly insistence or wild-eyed wailing, for he will recognize that any extra bargain-counter inducements are but hothouse methods and will either fail, or destroy the object of reform.

¶ The man (or woman) who is around seeking whom he may reform is a pest. Only the other day a female religious fanatic was passing among the passengers aboard the steamer and questioning them. "Are you saved?" was her whining question. A more obnoxious or even impolitic method could hardly have been adopted. There is no one but what resents the assumption that he is in need of saving. And be it understood that salvation is an entirely individual matter, and depends largely upon the particular needs of each suppliant at the throne of grace. I don't know what particular brand *you* require any more than you

know *my* needs so what folly it is for me to pose as your physician. Just wait till you are *called* then you may present your precious pill. Stand ready to help when apprized that your services are acceptable, but don't "butt in." This poor lunatic (for this is what any person really is who will approach people with any such a message (?) as the one referred to) no doubt felt she was called of God to go after sinners in season and out of season but such methods only drive any sane person away from anything she has to offer. ¶ There are many such self-appointed missionaries to the heathen and as before hinted are a perennial pest.



¶ In his reminiscences of the Russo-Turkish war, Vereſtchagin gives the following, which is an illustration of the thoughtless brutality of man, which must needs engage in the sport of depriving other creatures of life in order to enjoy life! This old warrior, fond of his home, wherein life was abundant, could only think of it in connection with the chase, and the hare- and fox-hunting and battles with mountaineers so entrancing becomes the pastime of killing!

¶ "Kusma Petrovitch was evidently very fond of his

home, and the more the campaign was protracted the more frequent and obstinate were the rumors which reached him, thru unknown channels, of the speedy conclusion of peace. He talked a great deal of his farm near Stavropol, of his eldest son Kusmitch and his precocious intelligence and early development. He also described the hare- and fox-hunting when the first snow fell, for which he had purchased his sporting dog Milka. He would also talk about the battles with mountaineers,<sup>8</sup> etc., etc.



¶ Principles concern us not if not mingled and associated with men whom we admire. Even evil is always pictured with the evil visage of the evil doer.

¶ "Principles, not men"<sup>9</sup>—never was there a greater sophistry uttered. It matters not how wholesome or true or helpful the principle may be if you have a scoundrel to administer it or even to advocate, it fails of its mission. A bad man *will* not honestly carry out or put into effect a good principle, hence the cry "Principles, not men" is born either of a desire to deceive in order that the attention may be drawn from the immoral and dishonest advocates of certain principles, or thru the ignorance or lack of investigation of those

uttering it. A good man *may* put into effect or have enacted into law a helpful principle, a bad man *can't* from the very nature of his composition. "Principles and men" should be the slogan, and no one should be deceived into supporting any cause which has for its advocates men who believe that good can come out of a toleration of men not fit to represent a good movement, and who will surely wreck it if given control under such a sophistical belief. No cause can be better than its advocates, for every reform resolves itself into individual betterment, and when individuals are rotten, be sure the lump will be slightly decayed at the core. There is no wholesale plan of salvation, it is a matter of individual growth. Give us *men*, and *principles* will follow.



¶ One of our exchanges, "Progress," of Los Angeles, recently offered its subscribers a free bath—since which time it has not appeared on my desk! Whether the inference that its readers needed a bath resulted in wholesale refusals to longer aid in pushing that particular car of "progress," or whether the editor had sized his congregation up correctly and the sudden and unusual shock consequent upon the "first plunge"

caused wholesale removals to a "warmer clime," or whether, being a free thing, they indulged not wisely but too much, as oftentimes happens when folks get a grab at something offered for the taking—or as to what particular element caused the sudden cessation of the publication heretofore referred to, deponent sayeth not, so we are left to surmise! Let all new thought publications take heed and give their attention to mental uncleanness only. It will not do to reflect on the dirtiness of the material make-up!

M

¶ Here is a new view (a sort of sound view!) of the farmer, which I found in a little story in one of our cheap monthlies, which merits a place in this little farm product:

¶ How many times had I argued, tilling the soil was assigned to man as a curse, and altho somewhat mitigated, yet a curse it must ever remain. So I felt a trifle disappointed when I found that Mr. Erskine's ambition was so easily satisfied; and while I could not help admiring him as a man, yet I thought there must be some weak spot in his character, if he could contentedly settle down as a tiller of the soil. It was certainly a new specimen of farmer I had met, and I was not at all averse to studying this representative of a

class which I had hitherto embraced under the head of good, practical, commonplace men.



¶ Will some Master of Melancholy, or student of the occult, apprise me of the hidden meaning of the little item given herewith? That it has an "occult" significance there can not be the least doubt, so I appeal to the delvers in the mysterious to aid me in interpreting this mystic passage. Here it is:

¶ "Not that one cares for silk stockings in themselves—I like 'em better filled myself. Silk hosiery on a rainy day always makes me want to see it clear up. Funny, isn't it?"

¶ Yes, sort o' funny!



¶ We can only lay claim to wisdom in proportion as we crystallize our experience into real knowledge—knowledge that renders the burdens of life less heavy, a knowledge that gives us a clearer vision, a broader outlook and a more charitable view of things in general and people in particular. Let no amount of inappreciation or condemnation sour you against your kind. This does not require you to be so "meek and lowly" as to "turn the other cheek" when smitten,



but simply to cultivate that larger nature which reduces resentment to a minimum and eliminates revengeful feelings. Be big.

✱

¶ 'Riches are of less importance to man than character,' saith the late Marshall Field. And they do say he ought to know, for he had little of the one and much of the other! So they say, but it is the fashion now-a-days to attribute to men of wealth all the vices and few of the virtues, and in my humble opinion it is not an altogether admirable fashion. Let us not envy the rich, they have their troubles — don't I know, for am I not rich! Please pass the clearing-house certificates!

✱

¶ Be sure that he who has done you an injury will never forgive you! Why should he? You shouldn't have done it!

✱

¶ And now to Charlie Eliot, President of Harvard College, who declares that women should devote themselves to the bearing and raising of children. Just like a dratted man, who has never tried this strenuous pastime! Go for him, Marie — he's no lady, or he wouldn't say such silly things!

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
I know not whether laws be right  
Or whether laws be wrong:  
All that we know who lie in gaol  
Is that the wall is strong;  
And that each day is like a year —  
A year whose days are long.  
But this I know, that every law  
That men have made for man,  
Since first man took his brother's life,  
And the sad world began,  
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff  
With a most evil fan.  
This too I know — and wise it were  
If each could know the same —  
That every prison that men build  
Is built with bricks of shame,  
And bound with bars lest Christ should see  
How men their brothers maim.  
The vilest deeds like poison weeds  
Bloom well in prison air:  
It is only what is good in man  
That wastes and withers there:  
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate  
And the warder is Despair.

OSCAR WILDE

~~~~~  
~~~~~

## Observations

**T**HE test of one's truth is to smile in the face of an open wound.

Truth is an inexhaustible spring, whose effect relates to the size and purity of each man's drinking-cup: he who has really quaffed at the source is sweetened and strengthened thereby.

We may glee at the torch a man holds up; but if it lights our path, what we follow is the trail of his footprints of blood. And the beacon still ahead.

The message immortal is always but the echo of a prayer.

Spirituality is doing great things in a fine way.

You cannot always trust the claims of advanced thinkers — he of a spiritual vision calls clairvoyance blindness.

The drawbridge turns for the ship with the highest spar. Fate is the drawbridge, your soul is the ship.

The people who are fretted by life's "steady grind" have never learned to use the lubricant of laughter.

In the waters of success, the big hauls are made by the men who borrow the seine of observation instead of grubbing for the angle-worms of experience.

Destiny is two-thirds dream and one-third daring.

He alone conquers who first senses, then seizes.

The greatest gain is the greatest loss turned to account.

In every sound human structure instinct is the cornerstone but imagination the cap-stone; to lack the first is to be unsafe, to lack the second is to be incomplete.

The refreshment in a message is in how much the feeling overflows the words.

Love may be measured by how it illumines.

No man is acquainted with Light until he can stand in the shadow and smile.

A message is just as true as its giver is *creative*, he who forges an original horseshoe being more a messiah than he who delivers a gospel of antiquity.

The way to know one's friend is to close one's eyes and perceive his aura.

Dew-drops are the diamonds of the fairies; he who is rich in the day's enchantment walks in their midst at sunrise.

The only answer to prayer is the power to do the thing unaided.

The end of religion is to identify the Light in the halo and the forge.

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON



XXVI

## What Are We Coming To?

By GORDON HART

*Author of "Woman and the Race," etc.*



WAS in the office of a level-headed, clear and clean thinking man of the world the other day, business manager of a flourishing New York magazine. In discussion of my recently-published book, "Woman and the Race," in which he was much interested, we naturally past to the discussion of the trend of public thought in sex matters. He confest to having lately experienced severe shocks in listening to the conversation of young women and observing the changed attitude of girls with regard to immorality. He told of an experience of a few days before when three or four young

girls talked over the details of the White-Thaw murder in the presence of two men without a blush or hint of embarrassment; and he said: "Why, you would expect that the very *name* of Stanford White would fill a girl with horror!" He gave it as his opinion that this "affinity business," as he called it, lately so much exploited in the newspapers, would have the effect of deciding to adopt illicit relations with some man on the part of those girls whose past teaching had been of the conventional sort and who were hovering on the verge of temptation. He went on to say:

"You know in times past it was thought not altogether reprehensible for a young man who was unmarried to have a mistress. Why, now-a-days it is actually true that it is the *women* who are not willing to give up their independence, and marry, and who yet recognize that the needs of their natures demand some sex expression; and they form associations with men whom they like, without marriage, and in a matter-of-fact manner. It seems to me that the world is rapidly turning upside down. I confess I don't know what we are coming to."

Well, I think *I* know what we are coming to.

In the clock of our newer social system the pendulum is swinging and will for some time swing to the opposite

extreme; from the double standard of morals, from woman the economic and sexual slave, from wholesome sex-discussion taboo, and hypocritical speech and living, we are coming upon an era of much that is or seems undesirable in the opposite direction. We find girls in full knowledge and, sometimes, experience, of what they might remain ignorant of without loss of power, wisdom or physical perfection; we find the bloom of maidenhood rubbed off and the peach less beautiful; we find sentiment ridiculed and the physical side of sex in undue prominence; we find the sanctuary invaded and nothing held sacred.

Is it any wonder? Our children have been reared in ignorance of what are the only really important things for them to know; in an atmosphere of social hypocrisy where monogamy is held up as the only possible manner of living, and where polygamy is continuously practised; where purity is preached for both sexes and expected of only one; where the responsibilities of parenthood are evaded; where "a good match" means marriage with riches or position; is it any wonder that this wonderful age of science and invention, of progress in all directions should demand also adequate knowledge along sex lines, and that under existing circumstances this demand and this acquirement should entail a temporary coarsening of fiber and lowering

of ideals.

I can see what we are coming to: an era of frank and free and wise knowledge as to the sex-function; a wise and considered maternity; an unashamed recognition of mutual needs; a simple and natural relationship in marriage based upon absolute ownership of her own body by the woman; a feeling of responsibility for their future offspring in the heart of every little boy and girl.

I do not and cannot believe there can ever be anything but good as a result of full and satisfying instruction of children with regard to the sex function by their natural teachers; and I feel as convinced as it is possible to be with regard to any human thing, that such instruction so given, is the key-note in the great oratorio of a coming world of purity.

Purity means more than silent shamefacedness, is a thing of entirely different fiber from ignorant prudery or a stupid shutting of the eyes to the marvels of body and brain mechanism and their interrelation in the great realm of sex: purity means, to all who look deeply and think God's thoughts after Him, a fearless, wide-open gaze on the wonders of life, a full recognition of what sex is and can be, and a high, sweet, clean, reverent attitude towards the highest and best of all the laws of nature.



We can but deplore the tendency to make light of loose morality and to jest of things that should be regarded as sacred by the young people of the day; but I take it that this is but the temporary reaction from the hypocrisy and prudery of the past; and also, without doubt, on the part of girls, a protest against the double standard of morals that they feel to be unjust and behind the times. The whole attitude of women at the present time calls for equality in all directions, purity not excepted; and may it not be that with the shock that must inevitably come to every man who is not altogether brutal when he sees and hears his own careless morality or that of his kind reflected in the young women of his acquaintance, will come also an awakening of moral sense, new ideals of the greatness and grandeur of what he has hitherto regarded lightly, new resolutions to live with and for his ideal woman a more ideal life.

I do not believe that any social upheaval, any radical thinking or acting can ever really disintegrate, obscure or lower the great ideal of love that lies behind and soars above all sex-expression on the human plane; and the law of evolution is working silently and surely, thru what seems but disorder and unrest, to a better and more ideal and more abiding love-life.

## A Supremely Sane Book



THE author of our sex article in this issue, Gordon Hart, has written a book, a *supremely sane* book, a book that is not only worth reading but is worthy a place on the shelves of every library of every student of creation in operation, on Planet Earth (and that's as far as our jurisdiction extends!). It is a book of compelling interest, and one that is sure to do good to whoever peruses it. It is chaste yet plain in its discussion of this greatest of all questions—woman in her relation to the race. There is no halting or hesitancy in Mr. Hart's speech—he had a message, and he places it before the reader in such royal garments—so attractive, withal—that it is utterly impossible not to enjoy it, even tho one agree not at all with the author's assertions.

¶ The introductory word of the writer is one of the finest things of the language—it is worth the price of the book, it is truly *much in little*. "It is not more knowledge that we need; it is more love," is the concluding sentence.

¶ Here is a touch of *saneness* on the sex question:

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